

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper*



BUNKER'S HILL.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A TERRIBLE OUTLOOK.

TILL she stood at one of the windows of that elevated apartment, her clear young sight supplemented by the obliging lieutenant's glass, Constance had no idea of the scene that awaited her. There lay the scattered camp of the Americans; there stood the now fortified town of Boston; and there

England's ships of war rode at the mouth of Charles River. But from the city roofs and the country hill-tops, from every ship's rigging and summit around the harbour, people were looking away to the heights above Charlestown. Her schooldays in Boston, and recent sojourn with the Quaker family there, had made her well acquainted with the almost united ridges of Breed's and Bunker's Hill; grass-grown steeps, the pasture-ground of sheep and cattle, they had been in other summer times;

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but now the highest summit was crowned with that roofless fortress which military men call a redoubt; and on the slope below a strong breastwork gave token of expected attack and defence. The lieutenant's glass was scarcely requisite to let her see that the redoubt was filled, and the breastwork lined, with men, all provincials, wearing the country clothes in which they had worked in farms, mills, and forges, and carrying the arms which they had been accustomed to use in winter hunts or summer shooting-matches.

"Wasn't that a surprise for old Gage this morning?" said Lieutenant Gray. The two old soldiers had taken up their position at a window which commanded the best view of the heights, as a couple of connoisseurs might take the best light by which to criticise a painting, or the most convenient box from which to witness the performance of a new drama, and it was divided from the one at which Constance stood by a fixed screen, or half-partition, which had somehow served the ends of the astronomer in his day; so that she was out of their sight, though near enough to hear every word that passed between them. "The fellows managed it all in the course of last night. I knew there was something to come off when I saw them having prayers by lantern-light on Cambridge Green. These Americans do hold on to the religion, major."

"Well, Gray, it's not such a bad thing to hold by, though in my youth we thought it fit for nobody but parsons or Methodists. But they are all countrymen; do you think they will stand any time?" said Danby.

"I don't know," said the lieutenant. "There are men among them whom you and I have seen doing good service in the French war. There is Prescott, commanding in the redoubt—I can recognise him at this distance; and there is old Israel Putnam, who had such an escape from your lady's friends, the Indians, twenty years ago, riding about in his shirt-sleeves; and, I do believe, there is the minister, M'Clintock, who used to preach to the Massachusetts volunteers, exhorting and praying with them every one. There are some red-hot young rascals, too, at the breastwork. Those forward men are Archdale's militia. Their colonel—they take his name, you see—is a regular firebrand for the American cause. You remember his father and Captain Delamere—what brave soldiers and true friends they were; fine fellows at the mess-table, too, for New England men. One could never have believed they would turn against each other and take different sides, but they have, nevertheless; and young Archdale, who was courting Delamere's daughter, the girl you have in escort—what a good thing she has gone away before I began chattering—is going to marry a Quaker's heiress, to help his militia raising, I suppose. There he is, at the head of his regiment, a brave boy, I'll warrant. But look, we shall see if they can stand now."

As he spoke, the thunder of cannon from the ships, and a double line of barges faintly seen through the smoke, announced that British troops had crossed over from Boston, and were landing under cover of the fire.

At the same time bodies of provincials came up the hills from Medford to reinforce the defenders. By-and-by more barges and more troops were seen landing at Moulton's Point; the cannonade continued till the earth seemed shaken, and the heavens

darkened, but the lieutenant and the major calmly speculated on where the attack should begin, and whether the breastwork or the redoubt should be first carried.

At last the thunder ceased for a moment, the summer breeze rolled back the heavy curtain of sulphurous smoke, and then, in all the pomp of brilliant uniforms, gleaming arms, and flying colours, King George's men advanced in two divisions, one against the breastwork, and one against the redoubt.

"Howe means to carry that position," cried the lieutenant, as he saw the first come on; "old Stark, with his Hampshire men, and young Archdale, with his militia, can't hold it long; for, to my certain knowledge, part of that breastwork is made of rail-fences and new-mown hay. Don't the Grenadiers come up in splendid style? They are not all from England, though. There's Delamere's regiment, the Royal Canadians; they have made him a colonel for his services in the fortifying of Boston, and no man deserves promotion better, a soldier and a gentleman, every inch of him; there now, I think I see him. It would be a sad thing if he and his old friend's son should come to close quarters this day."

Constance heard no more. She had tried to see Sydney, and tried to see her father, but neither the glass, nor the position she had, were as good as those of the lieutenant. From the roofs of Boston, and the summits of surrounding hills, thousands were looking out for the issues of that battle, and many had near relations engaged in it, but few had a stake so heavy as her own. The love of her childhood, and the chosen of her youth, her father, and her first love—in spite of the probabilities regarding the Quaker's heiress, Constance knew he would be the last love too—each bent to conquer or die on a different side, and likely to meet that day in mortal combat! The lieutenant's words smote her ear and heart more heavily than the thunder of the cannon. Unseen in that hidden corner, she sunk upon her knees and prayed without speech or voice (for the girl could find none) that whatever else was determined concerning them, neither might be permitted to shed the other's blood.

Again the roar of cannon, but followed this time by a volley of musketry, made the hills resound; the redoubt and the breastwork were at once attacked and defended with equal bravery. From that small window Constance saw, as the rolling billows of smoke allowed her, British regiments whose colours were inscribed with many a victory over the first armies of Europe, recoil from the deadly fire of the provincial marksmen, and fall like corn before the reaper's sickle. Twice the attack was renewed, and twice the assailants were driven back with a slaughter so fearful that even British courage failed, and a general retreat seemed inevitable.

"Would you have believed that, major?" cried the lieutenant; but his expressions of astonishment were cut short by the noise of bursting bombshells; and up from the thickly-clustered houses of Charlestown rose a broad, red column of flame, followed by another and another, till the oldest town in the New England provinces, with all its timber dwellings, stores, and churches, was in one wide blaze, and a body of sharpshooters, on whose account the shells were thrown, retired from it in good order.

Removed as the three in Prospect House were from the scene of actual danger, the glare of the burning town and the roar of the battle were so

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appalling that the two old officers laid down their glasses, and Constance crouched in the corner and covered her face with her hands. When she looked out again it was to see the provincials driven from the redoubt; in military phrase, it was carried at the point of the bayonet, for the ammunition of the marksmen had failed.

The defenders of the breastwork stood fast for some time; but at length she saw them also give way before the British steel, and rush in a headlong rout down Bunker's Hill; yet there was one body of men that kept the field longest and last, disputing the ground by inches, and covering the retreat of their companions in arms.

"See yonder!" cried the lieutenant, "Archdale's militia are doing service I would not have given them credit for—saving the skins of all the rest in that fashion. They must have caught the spirit of the young firebrand at their head, for I have heard that few of them were ever in action before. See in what good order they retire," he added, as those last disputants of the hard-fought field turned down the hill under a furious cannonade from ships and batteries, and were lost to sight in its smoke.

"The king's troops have won the ground, but I fear, at a terrible price," said the major.

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, "they have won the ground, but the provincials have this day won a military reputation that will henceforth make them our equals in every soldier's reckoning."

By degrees the cannonade ceased; the blazing town fell in heaps of smouldering ruins; the provincials retreated to Cambridge, the British remained in possession of the heights, and the summer evening came down on those grassy hills now strewn with more than fifteen hundred slain, two-thirds of whom wore the British uniform.

Distance from the scene of action spared poor Constance the sights and sounds of the battle-field when the fight was done, with which her companions on the outlook were but too familiar. A terrible uncertainty as to what might have befallen her father or Sydney pressed heavily on her mind; but the girl was worn out, as overwrought youth is apt to be, and, silently stealing from her post behind the screen, that her involuntary eavesdropping might not be suspected, she made her way to one of the rooms below, which had been the astronomer's best parlour.

There was little furniture in Prospect House, Mrs. Danby and her two maids had taken with them everything that was conveniently portable, and nothing remained but what a timid or careless tenant had left behind when hastily quitting it on the first formation of the American camp. The parlour contained only a small side-table and an old-fashioned, crazy settee, which might have been the boast of some aspiring colonist in former times. On its hard cushions Constance lay down, and, in spite of her strange surroundings, fell fast asleep, while the old and much-fatigued major forgot his cares on a dismantled bedstead in another apartment, and Lieutenant Gray went out to gather news and forage for the party, as his negro servant Pompey was nowhere to be found.

Two hours later, the lieutenant having returned from his mission, softly opened the door and looked in upon her, but Constance never woke.

"Poor child!" said the brave old soldier; "the

day has been trying to her;" and, turning from the room, he brought the only blanket to be found in the house and gently spread it over the sleeping girl; then he brought her share—the very best of the coarse provisions he had been able to obtain—placed it on the table by her side, and saying, "The Lord keep you and us all!" quietly closed the door and retired to his own rest on an old sofa in the astronomer's library.

Constance slept on for hours the dreamless sleep of the weary, which fell on thousands that summer night in the tent-studded country and the leaguered town; but the heavy sleep grew lighter as the early day crept in through the scantily-curtained windows. A sound somewhere in the room woke her up at once, and, looking up, she saw what in the dim light, and with the terrible impressions of the preceding day fresh in her memory, the girl took to be a spectre. In the open doorway stood a tall figure with long white hair, and dressed in an antiquated fashion. But the next moment she knew it to be an earthly man without a coat, and wearing a long waistcoat and loose buckskin continuations, which took a remarkable resemblance to the doublet and hose of long departed times. His hair, as we have said, was white—bleached by sun and wind, it seemed, as well as by years. His face had a hardy, resolute look, like that of one familiar with hardship and danger, but there was nothing sinister or dishonest in it; and Constance, who had sprung to her feet before she had half made these observations, felt completely reassured when he said, in a deep but kindly tone, "Is there nobody in the house but you, child?"

"Yes, sir; there are two British officers." The plain truth came always uppermost with that girl.

"Two British officers? What are their names?"

"Lieutenant Gray and Major Danby, sir."

"He that Magrory's men brought down from Cumberland Station?"

"The same, sir."

"Well, there's no harm in him; and he has got a handsome girl to his daughter," said the stranger, with a fatherly sort of smile.

"Oh, sir, I am Squire Delamere's daughter; they call him colonel now," cried Constance, in her simplicity and eagerness. "Can you tell me if he is safe, or did anything happen to him in the battle?"

"Nothing that I know of, child; but we and the British get little news of each other's happenings. Yet now that you remind me of it, I heard Colonel Archdale, just before he started to let the Philadelphia folks hear of our good fight, telling one of his militia, who, it seems, had been in the squire's employment, and was a bit concerned about him, that Delamere had gone back to Boston for reinforcements without a scratch, after all the damage he did us at the breastwork."

"Thank you, sir, for telling me that." Constance could say no more for great joy and thankfulness. Her father, and Sydney, too, were safe. Her prayers concerning them had been heard, and her fears were over for the time.

"I am glad I had it to tell you, child," and the stranger's hard face grew sadly softened. "There is many a wife and daughter, sister and sweetheart, seeking for such news of their own, that lie yonder on the heights. That is the worst part of our hot dispute with England. The Lord forgive them who urged it to this issue. Your father was a worthy

gentleman, and is a good soldier; I am sorry he has sided with the enemies of his country."

"I am sorry for it, too, sir, but I can't help it," said Constance.

"No, you can't, my girl, and that is well spoken, too. But I have something else to say. You can't stay here, you or your friends. We are going to fortify the hill; this house must form part of the works, and the British will very probably try to dislodge us. Get off as quickly as you can. Are you in safe hands, child?" and he looked her in the face as an anxious relative might have done.

"Oh, yes, sir; Lieutenant Gray is my father's friend, and Major Danby is a friend of his. They are both good men, and I am going with them to Watertown to stay with the major's lady till some better arrangement can be made," said Constance.

"They should have been in Watertown yesterday, with the rest of the officers on parole. Tell them to start at once, and nobody will be the wiser. As you are with them, and we have no horses for a lady's riding, I'll get somebody to lend a cart. These times don't admit of much finery, but give them my compliments, to make quick and quiet work of it. My name is Israel Putnam. Good morning; and the Lord bless you!"

He was gone the next moment, for that white-haired man retained in a great measure the activity

of his youth. Constance ran to the outer door to get another sight of him. The name he had given was known to her as that of one of the several captains elected by their own troops, and commanding with independent authority each his own division of the American camp. It was known throughout the provinces, and is still known in the history of his time, as that of a veteran patriot who spent his youth in defending his country's frontiers, and his age in defending its liberties—a rustic Cincinnatus, who left his plough to serve his land and people, and merged in that service every personal consideration; and a man who, despite a rugged life and eccentric manners, was honoured by his contemporaries and is revered by their posterity. The provincials almost unanimously gave the credit of the "good fight," by which they gained a *prestige* of more account than victory, to Israel Putnam, because he had advised and carried out the fortifications on the heights above Charlestown; and his second achievement in that campaign was allowed to be the fortifying of Prospect Hill. As his custom was, he had come alone to survey the ground while friends and enemies were yet asleep, found the door of Prospect House unbarred, through the general oversight of its weary inmates, and thus interviewed Constance at that unusual hour, and gave her and her travelling companions notice to quit.

THE MAMMALIA OF THE PACIFIC.

1.—THE RAT.

IT is commonly supposed that in the Pacific region mammals (except a few bats) are absent.

This statement agrees neither with the traditions of the islanders themselves, nor with the testimony of the early voyagers. Referring to the Sandwich Islands, Captain Cook says:—"The quadrupeds in these, as in all the other islands that have been discovered in the South Sea, are confined to three sorts—dogs, hogs, and rats" ("Voyages," vol. vii. p. 106). The rat alone is universal; it is about half the size of the Norway rat. In many of the islands the indigenous breed has been exterminated by the imported rat. In 1852 a solitary male Norway rat got ashore at Mangaia from the wreck of an American whaler. It made war upon the native rat. On removing the flooring of one of our rooms, about thirty dead native rats were found. We were fortunate enough to catch the offender in a trap.

In some of the islands of the South Pacific it was usual to defend growing cocoa-nuts from the depredations of the native rat by making a sort of screen cleverly secured all round the tree, close to the fronds, at a great height from the ground. When extracting a child's tooth it was customary to offer a prayer, in which the gods were asked to give a rat's tooth (*nio kiore*) in its place, *i.e.*, a strong tooth.

Most of the Pacific Islands were, like Mangaia, literally overrun with these rats. There can be no mistake as to this small rat being indigenous. At Mangaia they were mythically regarded as the progeny of Echo, the ironical goddess "who talks out of the rocks." The rat figures again and again in their ancient songs and myths.

Two methods of rat-catching were successfully practised in the olden time. One was to make a circle of loops of cinet with slip-nooses, the enclosed space being covered with candle-nuts (*Aleurites triloba*). Rats were thus easily strangled. Another plan was to dig a large bottle-shaped hole in the earth, two narrow pathways being made to permit the rats to descend to feast on the candle-nuts. When this hole was pretty well filled with rats, two men would go down with knobbed sticks to kill the rats.

One morning, some lads climbing up some high rocks dislodged a large stone, and so exposed a mummy cave. The mummy was in admirable preservation, but there was a hole in its side, out of which some little rats were peeping. A rat-nest had been made where the heart had been!

The proverb, "Sweet as a rat," survives in Mangaia to this day, although the adults of this generation have given up the disgusting practice of rat-eating. I recollect, in 1852, being several times asked, "Will Jehovah be angry with us if we eat rats?" Why, I asked, in astonishment, do you ask this? "Because we have been reading in Leviticus that rat-eating is forbidden," was the reply. Boys to this day set fire to the mountain fern, so that the myriad rats rushing out of the fern, half blinded with fire and smoke, are easily killed with long sticks. This is done when the sea is rough, so that they cannot catch fish. These rats feed exclusively upon cocoa-nuts, bananas, arrow-root, candle-nuts, and papaw apples.

2.—THE HOG.

Of the seven islands constituting the Hervey Group, Mangaia and Aitutaki were the only ones without a native breed of pigs. The first were landed

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in 1823 by the martyr Williams. The men of that day took them to the marae of the principal god, clothed them in the whitest *tapa*, fed them with the food of the high chiefs, and bestowed upon them separate names. They were regarded as foreign divinities. After a time, on account of their filthy habits, they were expelled the sacred enclosure. It was several years before the natives could be induced to taste the flesh. So rapid was their increase that, after supplying numberless vessels, on occasion of the annual May festivities in 1852, a thousand pigs were killed and eaten! Of late years the number of these useful animals has greatly fallen off, owing to the desolation occasioned by successive hurricanes.

The original pig of Polynesia is now extinct. It was a lanky, long-legged creature, not unlike the *Sus Papuensis* I saw everywhere in New Guinea. To Captain Cook and the missionaries belongs the credit of introducing an improved breed amongst numerous islands of the Pacific. The hog was indigenous to the Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, and to the Friendly Islands. Captain Cook found the hog on Tanna, one of the Southern Hebrides. Nearly three centuries ago Quiros saw pigs on Espirito Santo, the northernmost island of the same group.

3.—THE DOG.

The dog was indigenous to Tahiti, Samoa, Sandwich Islands, and New Zealand. Captain Cook describes them as "having short, crooked legs, long backs, and pricked ears. They are in general fed or left to herd with the hogs; and I do not recollect one instance in which a dog was made a companion. Indeed, the custom of eating them is an inseparable barrier to their admission into society." ("Voyages," vol. vii. p. 106.) Again, speaking of Tahiti, Captain Cook says (vol. i. p. 145): "The dogs which are here bred to be eaten taste no animal food, but are kept wholly upon breadfruits, cocoa-nuts, yams, and other vegetables of the like kind." The native name (*Uri*) supports this view.

The dog was unknown in the Hervey Group until one was obtained from the Resolution, in 1777, in exchange for a hog. The natives were wonderfully delighted with it. It is a curious circumstance that no really good dog will live in the Hervey Group. The islands are now overrun with curs.

4.—THE BAT.

The last island in the Pacific to the eastward where the bat is found, is Mangaia. No other island in the Hervey Group has one. They are very common on Samoa and on Savage Island. What is the law of their distribution?

On measuring one I found it to be thirteen and three-quarter inches from wing to wing; the body was three and a quarter inches in length. It is very interesting sometimes, in the morning, to see hundreds of these creatures clinging to one another, and suspended like a vast rope from the strong branch of a tree overhanging the perpendicular cliffs of the interior of the island. Their smell is unendurable. At Samoa they were venerated as gods (*aitu*). At Savage Island and at Mangaia they are regarded by the natives as a great delicacy. I once saw a very fine one cooked, and was invited to partake of it, but I declined with thanks. They abound in the numerous limestone caverns of Nieuve and Mangaia, and feed upon ripe fruits. They are easily caught at sunrise, when they are in a semi-torpid state.

THE LANDING OF THE FIRST HORSE ON LIFU.

I shall never forget the landing of the first horse on the Island of Lifu in 1862. We cast anchor in Wide Bay, on a Saturday afternoon, as near shore as was prudent. The horse had been brought from Sydney, and had been on board about a fortnight. The creature, blindfolded, was lowered into the water, where a boat was waiting to assist the landing. The horse swam vigorously, its head being kept above water by the halter, which was in the hands of the mate. As soon as its feet touched the ground, the covering of the head was removed, and the horse ran joyfully to shore. In another moment the mate, sailor-like, vaulted on its bare back and raced up and down the beach. Only two or three native men were about, the body of the people being in the interior getting food for the Sabbath. In a short time a string of women came in from the bush, each laden with a large basket of food. Terrified at the sight of the huge animal—for they had previously seen nothing larger than a hog—they threw down their burdens and, cat-like, ran up the nearest trees for safety, trembling all over lest the strange quadruped with a long neck should pick them off their perches and devour them! Finding at length that no harm befell them, they cautiously descended to the ground to collect the food which lay scattered in all directions. Whilst thus engaged, our mate dismounted. The poor creatures opened wide their eyes and mouths in astonishment, for until that moment they imagined horse and man to be one! It was just like the old story, so well related by Prescott, of the Mexicans' first sight of the Spanish cavalry, with this difference, ours was a message of peace, theirs of bloodshed.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

THE BORDER LANDS OF ISLAM.

II.—BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA.

THE insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina against Mohammedan oppression and misrule, which broke out in the autumn of last year, turned the eyes of the world towards these border lands of the Turkish empire. The cause of the insurgent Christian population not only enlisted the sympathies of Europe, but also called forth the diplomatic action of the great powers on their behalf. Time will show what pacifying effect the reforms recommended by the Austrian note, and accepted by the Sultan, will

bring about. The insurrection, it is evident, whatever result may follow, by bringing clearly to light the intolerable evils of Mohammedan government and the weakness of the central authority, has done much to discredit the waning authority of the Sultan in Europe, and still further to weaken his hold on his Slavonic provinces.

It would seem as if remarks made by Lord Derby, the present Foreign Secretary, twelve years ago, had been uttered in view of some such crisis in Turkish

affairs as the present. Addressing his constituents at King's Lynn, in 1864, his lordship said:—"I believe the question of the breaking up of the Turkish empire to be only a question of time, and probably not a very long time. The Turks have played their part in history; they have had their day, and that day is over. I do not understand, except it be from the influence of old diplomatic traditions, the determination of our older statesmen to stand by the Turkish rule, whether right or wrong. I think we are making of ourselves enemies of races which will very soon become in Eastern Europe dominant races; and I think we are keeping back countries by whose improvement we, as the great traders of the world, should be the great gainers; and that we are doing this for no earthly advantage, either present or prospective." Such language, from so cautious a statesman, points to the inevitable extinction of the Ottoman power in Europe, and to the consequent rise of the long-oppressed Slavonic races. The collapse of Turkish credit concurrently with widespread disaffection and revolt furnishes a noteworthy commentary on Lord Derby's words.

A glance at the map will show the position of Bosnia, which takes its name from the Bosna, a river of the country. Lying south of Slavonia, it is severed from that Austrian province by the Save; eastwards, the Drina divides it from semi-independent Serbia; on the south it is bounded by Albania and independent Montenegro; while to the south-west the range of the Diarnic Alps forms the boundary-line towards the Herzegovina; and to the west the River Verbas marks the frontier on the side of Turkish Croatia. The Herzegovina is a long, narrow region adjoining Dalmatia and the Adriatic coast, scarcely fifty miles in the broadest part, and containing some 7,000 square miles.

For the purposes of government, Turkey in Europe is divided into vilayets, or administrative regions; and further, into sandjaks, or sub-governments. The vilayet of Bosnia, prior to the outbreak, comprised not only Bosnia proper, but also the Herzegovina and Turkish Croatia. This north-western corner of the Turkish empire had been for a long period placed under the government of a vizier, residing at Travnik, and three pashas—one at Bosna-Serai, the capital of Bosnia, another at Banialuka, and the third at Touzla. In 1851 the seat of supreme authority was removed from Travnik to Bosna-Serai. Recently, and as a consequence of the revolt, Herzegovina has been placed under a separate government. Dervish Pasha is at the time we write governor of Bosnia.

The Bosnians and Herzegovinese are a stalwart and well-formed race. There is a general resemblance between the two peoples in personal appearance, character, and language, as there is in the physical features and history of the two countries. With the exception of the northern tract extending along the Save, Bosnia is everywhere a mountainous country, and is throughout traversed by more or less elevated branches of the Diarnic Alps. The peaks of some of these rise from 5,000 to 7,700 feet above the level of the sea, and are covered with snow from September to June. For the most part, the mountain slopes are clothed with forests of oak, beech, lime, chestnut, and other trees of magnificent growth; and only here and there exhibit meadows, pastures, and cultivated spots.

There is indeed little level ground of any con-

siderable extent, except along the lower courses of the rivers, and on the right bank of the Save. It is in the plain along the Save that the work of agriculture is chiefly carried on. The Save, a large and noble river, is, like the Danube, dull and muddy to the eye, but in many places its banks are beautiful, with rich and varied scenery. The air of Bosnia is salubrious, and the climate temperate and mild. Herzegovina—mountainous, like Bosnia—has a milder climate, especially in the southern portion, where the vine and the olive are abundant. Its highest mountains are the Velleg, Domitor, and Valasichi, the first of which has snow on its northern side all the year through, and is said to surpass in elevation any of the Bosnian mountains. From his own personal experience, Father Francis Pfanner, the superior of the Trappist convent at Banjaluka, gives an interesting account of the scenery of Bosnia.

"People outside of Bosnia," says the Father, "hardly have a notion how beautiful a country it is. True, the banks of the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne, the shores of the Swiss lakes, of the Lago Maggiore, and the Lago di Como are very fine; but if you take away all that has been done there by the hand of man—the castles, ruins, villas, villages, towns, and vineyards—you will find that nature unadorned has not done as much in those spots as she has for Bosnia at Iaica and Iulisar. True, again, that the views of Constantinople and Naples are magnificent; but the work of man, prolonged through ages, has its share in the beauty of those views. For my part, ever since I was a boy I have travelled all over Europe in search of beautiful scenery, but I have never found nature in itself, without the help of man's works, so exquisite as at the Lake of Iegero and at the Iaica cataracts—far superior to the fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. In two words, Bosnia is like Styria or the Tyrol, only more beautiful, with grazing lands more extensive, and with a climate which allows the cultivation of almost any European produce high up on the mountain side. There is abundance of mineral produce, which only waits for the miner; rivers and streams on every side offer extensive water power almost everywhere; the forests abound with costly trees. Ignorance and mismanagement alone could have allowed such riches to lie waste for so long."

Bosna-Serai, or Scerajevo, the capital of Bosnia, is a well-built town, occupying the declivities of several small hills, and its numerous turrets and minarets give it rather an imposing aspect. It is defended by a strong citadel, but the walls which formerly surrounded the town are now in ruins. It derives its name from the *Serai*, or palace, built by Mohammed II, and contains numerous mosques, and several Greek and Roman Catholic churches.

The Mohammedans are most numerous in Bosnia-Serai. Gipsies also abound. The Jews live chiefly in the capital, but they are also to be met with in other towns, such as Travnik and Mostar. Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, is situated in the plain of Mostar, through which the River Narenta runs. After rounding the hills on the road from Dalmatia, Mostar is perceived with its fine bridge spanning the Narenta, and its numerous graceful minarets. The houses are mostly of masonry, roofed with slabs of stone, and have less of woodwork than many Turkish towns. The population is composed of Turks, of adherents of the Greek Church, and

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Roman Catholics. There are, besides, a small number of Jews and gipsies. The great feature of Mostar is its beautiful bridge of one span, connecting the two divisions of the town. Every one speaks Slavonic, and some of the Turks know no other language. The dialect of Herzegovina and Bosnia is much the same as those of Dalmatia and Montenegro, but less pure than the latter from the introduction of many Turkish words.

Our space does not allow us to do more than mention the interesting Protestant sect of Paterines that existed in Bosnia for several centuries. This body of Christians denied the sovereignty of the Pope, the power of the priests, the efficacy of prayers for the dead, and the existence of purgatory, and resembled, in many respects, the Albigenses of Italy. At one time they were in fact the predominant confession of Bosnia. The princes of Bosnia, though constantly urged by the kings of Hungary to persecute them, found it better policy not only to tolerate, but to support them. About the year 1459 they were, however, driven from Bosnia, and took refuge in Herzegovina. After that time they disappear from history. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, when in the country, made diligent search for some representatives or descendants of the Paterines, but could find no traces of the sect.

The Bosnians took part with their Slavonic brethren in the great battle of Kossova, fought with the Ottoman forces in 1389, and with them suffered in that memorable defeat. They, however, retired, and maintained themselves in the strongholds of their country. It was not until the fifteenth century, and under Mohammed II, that Bosnia was conquered and became tributary to the Porte. Originally Bosnia formed part of Serbia, but it separated from that country, and had its own rulers. These, in the pre-Ottoman times, took the title of Ban, and were almost constantly under the suzerainty of the kings of Hungary, though afterwards they assumed, with the consent of the Hungarian monarchs, the royal title. Stephan Turtko, the first Bosnian king, was solemnly crowned in the monastery of Milosevo in 1376—thirteen years before the overthrow at Kossova, and forty-four years after the Turks first set foot in Europe. The king, having attempted to free himself from the Ottoman yoke by refusing to pay tribute, the Turkish Sultan once again, in 1463, invaded the country, captured the fortresses, slew the king and many of the nobility, drafted 30,000 of the Bosnian youth into the ranks of the Janissaries, reduced to slavery and drove from their homes many of the inhabitants, and appointed a vizier to administer the government.

The King of Hungary was not, however, willing to see Bosnia in the hands of the Turks. He tried to regain it, and took several towns and fortresses. Indeed, for a period of sixty years Bosnia became the battle-field of the Hungarians and Turks—a debatable border land between the rival Christian and Mohammedan powers. The great overthrow of the King of Hungary, in the struggle for ascendancy, by Sultan Soliman in 1526, gave Bosnia to the Osmanlis in final possession; and to this day it has remained a province of the Turkish empire.

The district afterwards named the Herzegovina came under the dominion of the Ban of Bosnia in 1334. Some fifty years later Turtko I granted it as a fief to one of the voivodes, or local commanders, whose nephew and successor, Stephan Kosaca, threw

off his allegiance to the King of Bosnia, and acknowledged himself the vassal of the German Emperor, Frederick IV. Frederick bestowed on Stephan the title of Herzog, or Duke—hence Herzegovina, the name of the province. When Bosnia came under Turkish subjection, the Herzegovina soon afterwards shared the same fate. The Venetians took certain districts and towns on the Adriatic coast, and thus reduced it to what it now is—an inland province. Any one caring to inquire into the early history of Bosnia and Herzegovina would meet with many details of cruelties committed by the Turks, and of deep sufferings endured by the Slavonic Christian population. The same story of wrong and suffering may be told of each generation from these distant days until the present.

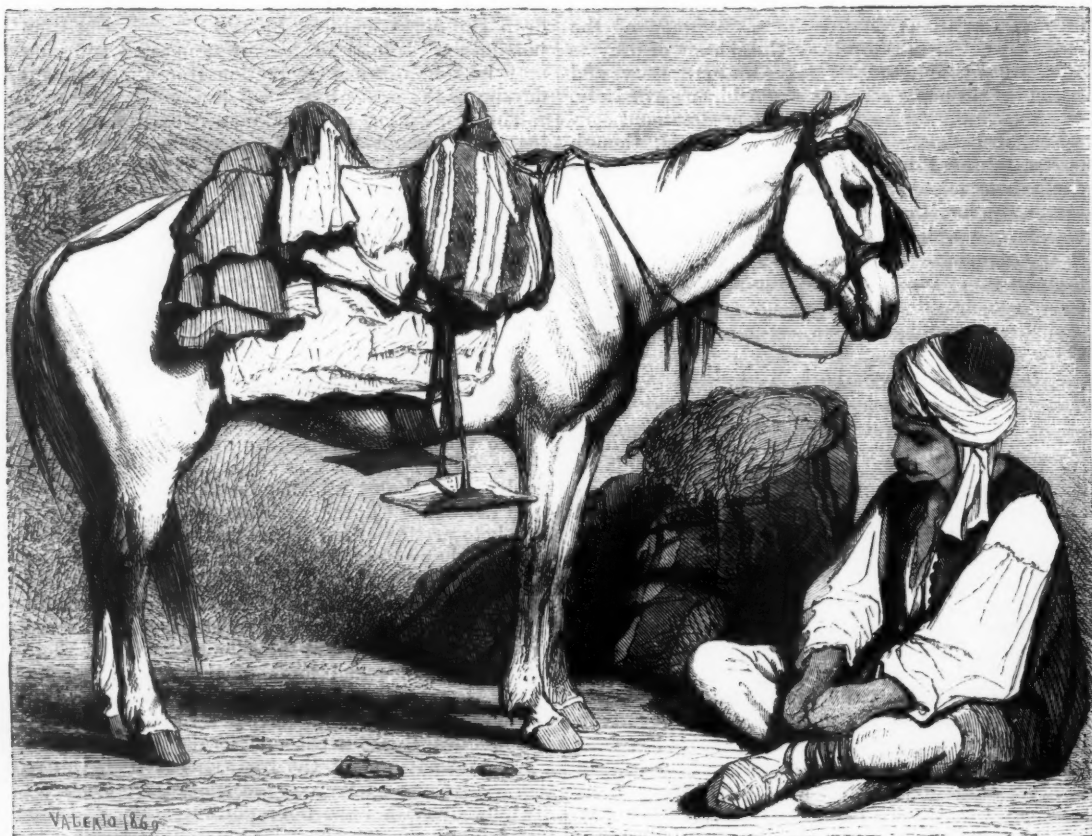
The population of Bosnia and the Herzegovina together is about 1,150,000, of which there are in Bosnia 551,022 Christians, and 385,878 Mussulmans; and in the Herzegovina 120,000 Christians, and 80,000 Mussulmans; in addition to which the Jews number some 3,000, and the gipsies about 10,000. When the Ottoman Turks conquered Bosnia they overcame a Christian population, and as the country continued under Mohammedan rule, a curious and remarkable effect was produced. The nobles, or begs, in a body embraced Islamism, and in this they were followed in time by the greater part of the inhabitants of the towns. The motives of the renegades were either to avoid persecution or to secure the immunities belonging to the governing class. When Bosnia was subject to Hungary, the nobles had almost all abandoned their connection with the Greek Church, and become Roman Catholic simply to preserve their feudal privileges. So in like manner they embraced Islamism to retain the like privileges under the Turk. Had a Bosnian beg kept faithful to the faith of his fathers, he could have held no official post and no lands. To preserve not only their status, but their lands, and even their lives, the nobles and lords of the soil of Bosnia found it expedient to change their religion. But while the Bosnian Mohammedans have become not less fanatical than the Ottoman Turks, they yet preserve to some extent the traditions of their Christian forefathers.

Many families have their patron saints, and the feasts of St. Peter, St. Elias, and St. George are celebrated by them. It is stated on good authority that a Mohammedan father not unfrequently orders mass to be said for his sick child; and there are instances of young begs having secretly caused a Christian priest to pray over the grave of their parents. These Slavonic Moslems have not adopted polygamy, nor do their young women when they move abroad use the veil. This has given rise to the saying, common among the Turks, "Go to Bosnia if you would fall in love with your betrothed." The Moslems use also the Slavonic language in common with their Christian brethren; indeed, many of them are quite ignorant of Turkish. Apart from the begs and dwellers in the towns, the great bulk of the peasantry, scattered in villages among the mountains, retained their Christianity, as they do to this day. As in Bosnia, so it was in Herzegovina. In both countries, the peasants are nearly all Christians. The Turks are the landlords and chief inhabitants of the towns. Even the poorest Moslems, with the pride of the ruling race, resort to the towns, preferring a life of idleness

and often of misery to industrious employment. There are, however, a class of Moslem peasants—proprietors of the grounds they till—who on Friday, from there being no mosques in the country, go to the nearest castle to perform their devotions.

The Mohammedan nobles of Bosnia were for a long course of years very powerful; they possessed their own castles, generally inherited from their Christian ancestors; and often, irrespective of the vizier,

Bosnian nobles against the authority of the Sultan we cannot here enter. The result was in the end that the feudal privileges of the aristocratic Mussulmans were entirely destroyed, and Bosnia reduced to the condition of other Turkish provinces. The last and final contest was caused by the introduction of the "Tanzimat," or code of reforms, promulgated by the late Sultan Abdul Medjid in 1849. It was resisted, as had been the reforms of Selim II about



A ROADSIDE SKETCH IN BOSNIA.

the representative of the Sultan, waged war on each other, and paid but little regard to his authority. They were composed of the capitanis, or great barons (about thirty-four in number), and of the spahis, an inferior order who held estates on condition of performing military service in time of war. These territorial magnates enjoyed complete self-government in their several districts. They elected their own magistrates and military officers, and named to the Porte the governing pashas, who were always natives of the province. From this class the Sultan has been supplied with several grand viziers, and not a few eminent warriors and statesmen.

So formidable and warlike a body, far removed from Constantinople, had the Christian population entirely at their mercy; and, tenacious of their privileges and power, they not unfrequently waged war against the Sultan.

Into any detailed account of the struggles of the

the beginning of this century, and the new military regulations introduced by Sultan Mahmood in 1826. The celebrated Turkish general Omar Pasha, a Slavonic Croatian by birth, and a convert to Islamism, finally succeeded in 1851, and after a long effort, in crushing the power of the Bosnian chiefs. Excluded from official posts, they are now, though proud, poor, and have little influence.

Ignorant, corrupt, and indolent, they seem capable only of combining to oppress the Christian population. It was their maltreatment at the hands of their Mussulman countrymen that goaded the rahyas to rebellion. "I questioned the people of Herzegovina," writes the "Times" correspondent, "as to their special grievances, and they all said the same thing: the Turks robbed them, took whatever they wanted—their animals; whatever they had in their houses—their daughters when they took a fancy to them, and they never saw them any more."

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ARMED SHEPHERD ON BOSNIAN FRONTIER.

to visit them on their farms three or four times a year, and to bring their relations with them. The poor Christian peasants have to keep the agas and evidence is taken—no justice is there to be had. The farmers of the taxes often, in concert with the officials, force from the peasants sometimes ten times more

of the produce of the soil than is prescribed by law. Instead of a legal tithe, there is exacted, according to their complaints, a sixth, a third, and frequently a half. The rahyas have to meet not only the heavy demands of a needy government, but of the farmers of taxes, of the agas, and of their own clergy." The appeal of the Herzegovinian insurgents to the European powers set forth the various injuries and injustices of which they were the victims. The difficulty of carrying into effect efficient reforms will not rest with the central authority, but with the local Mohammedans—the begs and agas and the corrupt officials in the province.

As to the debasing effects of Turkish rule on the character of the Christian population, we cannot do better than quote the strong and manly words of the Rev. Mr. Denton, a clergyman of the Church of England, who resided some time in Bosnia:—"I know," says Mr. Denton, "no heavier accusation against the government of Turkey than that it makes men abject and lying, pusillanimous and miserly; that it destroys independence of character, and that it degrades the whole man. The peasant—whose life and the lives of his children are at the mercy of his neighbours—cringes and submits to degrading acts until he acquires the habit of cringing. The man whose property may be seized at any moment by the meanest village official, will, I am afraid, pretty generally intrigue and lie to preserve his hard-earned and dearly-prized possessions. This is the aspect which human nature invariably presents; but is this any excuse for slavery and oppression? Nay, but its severest reproach. If the Christians of Turkey were invariably honest, munificent, manly; if, in short, they had all the virtues of free men—then I, for one, would be content that they should remain under the rule of the Sultan."

With such a state of things it is no wonder that civilisation has made comparatively little progress in Bosnia. Miss Irby, a lady who has resided much at Bosna-Serai, in connection with a scheme for training native schoolmistresses, describes Bosnia as the most barbarous of the provinces of Turkey in Europe. "The mass of the people," she says, "are ground to the dust under the present régime. There is no development of the immense natural resources of the country; no means of employment and occupation, which might enable the poor to meet the ever-increasing taxation, the extortions of the officials, and the heavy exactions of their own clergy." Not one man in a hundred, it is affirmed on good authority, knows how to read. In the capital of the province, with a population of from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, there is not a single bookseller's shop. The lodgings of the artisan class, says the Consular Report for 1870, "an English mechanic would consider uninhabitable," while the houses of the poorer classes are mere hovels, without any kind of comfort or accommodation, over-crowded, filthy, and air-poisoned. In his recent report for 1874, Consul Holmes, resident at Bosna-Serai, writes: "I can see no present prospect of improvement in prosperity and civilisation."

"The present social state of Bosnia," to quote from another and more recent account, "needs civilising influences undreamt of in other parts of Europe, and parallels of which can only be found by going back to the middle ages. The Christian, as well as the Mussulman population, are steeped in ignorance, deteriorating the soil which they do not

know how to cultivate. Cattle are plentiful, but they are badly bred and badly fed, and give little or no return. Every sort of farming is on the lowest level, and the agricultural implements are of the most primitive description. The people do not know how to bake proper bread, nor how to make good cheese or beer." Yet with all these disadvantages Bosnia yields considerable products. Of these, cattle, sheep, and swine must be placed in the foreground, as they form the largest portion of the wealth of the inhabitants. Wheat and other cereals are grown chiefly in the fertile plain of the Save. In 1874, the produce of wheat in the province was 11,354 quarters, and of Indian corn 62,381 quarters. Barley, oats, and rye millet are also produced. Of vegetable productions plums are the most important. The produce in 1874 was 50,000 cwts. The mountains around Bosna-Serai contain gold and silver. Iron mines are worked near the capital by gipsies, who have a number of smithies, in which horse-shoes, nails, locks, iron plates, and other wares are manufactured. There are also lead and copper mines. In Vienna there is a project on foot to obtain the concession of all the mines discovered within thirty miles of a proposed line of railway through Bosnia. This line of railway has been surveyed, but nothing further has been done. Nor up to 1874 had much progress been made in road making. The road from the capital of Bosnia to Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, begun ten years ago, is still unfinished, though in dry weather it is now possible to perform the journey in one of the rough carts of the country.

In the month of August, 1864, the conscription was first introduced into the vilayet of Bosnia, on the understanding that the troops should never be called upon to serve out of the province. All male Mussulmans from the age of twenty-one to twenty-four are liable to conscription, during which period they are called up each year to draw lots. Those who draw blanks four times are entirely free from service in the nizam (regulars); but they are drafted into the rediff (reserve) for nine years, being each year liable to one month's drill. Any man drawn for the nizam may obtain a substitute on payment of about £45. No man, however, who has escaped being drawn for the nizam can buy off his service in the rediff. Besides the two Bosnian nizam regiments, there is also a frontier corps, together with a small extra battalion stationed at Niksic especially to guard the Montenegrin frontier. In addition to these native levies, the province is garrisoned by regular soldiers belonging to the third division of the Turkish army, whose head-quarters are at Monastir. The police force of Bosnia consists of 2,764 men, horse and foot, distributed throughout the vilayet. They discharge a great variety of duties; they collect arrears of taxes, arrest criminals, impress transport animals for government service, and convoy the people yearly summoned to work at road-making. The police are a great burden to the peasantry, as when they travel they lodge and live at their expense.

The custom-house revenues of Bosnia are collected and transmitted direct to Constantinople. The revenue of the province, exclusive of these, was estimated for 1874 at £595,814, and the expenditure at £197,514, showing a balance of £398,300. This balance professedly was devoted to paying the troops of all denominations, meeting arrears of pay, clearing off old debts, and making other disbursements.

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Some explanation of the main sources of the Bosnian revenue may be interesting. There is first the produce of the Verghi, or personal tax, now a property and income-tax. Next the tax in lieu of military service, levied on every Christian male, but, according to the scheme of reform, proposed to be levied only on males from twenty to forty years of age. There are the taxes on fisheries, on the sale of horses, on Government pasturages, royalty on mines, etc., etc., all of which are farmed to the highest bidder. The Aashr, or tithe on agricultural produce, which, with two and a-half per cent. additional, is now twelve and a-half per cent., is by far the most productive, as in its collection there has been the greatest oppression, injustice, and corruption. Then there is the tithe on tobacco, the taxes on gallnuts, on cattle, sheep, and swine, revenues of forests, and sundry others. The expenditure—£197,514, as above—is for purposes of civil administration, departments of finance and justice, tribunals of commerce, public instruction, and public works. One of the requirements of the Austrian note was that the money raised in Bosnia should be expended in the province.

The adherents of the Greek Church in Bosnia use

a Slavonic liturgy, and the members of the communion call their religion the Pravoslav, which is the same as that of the Russians, but they acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople. The Roman Catholics of Bosnia, on the other hand, acknowledge the authority of the Provincial Order of Minorites of St. Francis of Assisi, to which they were made subject by the Pope in 1517. The Roman co-religionists of Herzegovina, however, in 1852 withdrew from their authority. In Turkish Croatia the great bulk of the Christians are Roman Catholics. Between the numerous adherents of the Greek Communion and the much smaller body of Romanists, it may be said that there is no love or fellowship, but as much mutual antipathy as between Turk and Christian.

The reforms which the Sultan, and in some measure the three Northern Powers, have engaged to introduce into Bosnia and Herzegovina look fair on paper. It will be interesting to watch the progress of their practical realisation, and especially the conduct of the native Mohammedan population, whose interests, fanatical feelings, and deeply-seated prejudices are so vitally concerned in the important issue which time has to try.

BOY AND MAN:

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD

CHAPTER V.—TAKING HIS PLACE.

"*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."—*Ovid.*

"Grammar and classics, taught and learnt aright,

Make boys humane, compassionate, polite."

—*Free translation.*

BOOTLE was a short, thickset boy, of bony aspect, broad in the shoulders, with a round head, long arms, and a short neck; his complexion was pale and his hair brown and bristly. He hung back when Brown called to him, as if not wishing to be quarrelsome. "I don't want to fight," he said.

"Don't be a coward," said Brown to his champion; and the champion, being encouraged by Armiger's refusal to engage, took off his jacket and sidled up, presenting his left shoulder towards him with his fist doubled, and demanding in a truculent voice, "Will you own me?"

Armiger looked at him quietly, and said nothing.

"Will you own me?" he asked again, in a louder key.

"Own you?" said John; "no; why should I?"

"Then, if you won't own him, you must fight," cried Brown; "so take off your jacket."

"I don't want to fight; why can't you let me alone? I have done nothing to you."

"Hit him, Bootle," said Brown.

Bootle aimed a blow at him—not a very hard one—and Armiger warded it off easily, and continued sitting, as before.

"He's a coward," said Brown; "go and fetch a smaller boy for him to begin with; there's Goodchild minimus—fetch him."

Goodchild minimus was brought—a delicate-looking boy not more than eight years old, with a clear but pale complexion, large blue eyes, and golden waving hair. Brown took him between his knees, showed him how to double his fists, and bade him go and hit the new boy in the face. "Don't be

afraid of him," he said, "he's a coward, and won't hurt you."

"I don't want to hit him," said Goodchild.

"If you don't hit him I'll hit you," said Brown.

"Ask him if he'll own you."

"Will you own me?" said the child, shyly, and without looking at him.

John Armiger smiled. "I shouldn't mind," he said.

"Oh, listen to him," cried all the spectators; "hit him, Minimus! he is a coward."

"What's the row?" cried Mr. Sparrow, hastening to the spot, where a crowd was now collected.

"Here's the new boy won't fight," was the answer; "he'll own to Goodchild minimus—a regular soft."

"Him? he's no coward," said Sparrow; "you should have seen him with the guard of the coach yesterday."

"Anyhow, he won't fight; so what do you call that?"

"Won't you fight?" Sparrow asked.

"I won't fight that little fellow, certainly," Armiger replied; "nor any one else, if I can help it."

"But you can't help it," said Brown; "you must take your place in the school the same as everybody else. Go at him again, Bootle, unless he'll own you."

Bootle, who had put on his jacket, took it off again, and came up to Armiger as before with the question, "Will you own me?"

Armiger stood up, but made no answer; and Bootle stepped back a pace or two, and then rushed at him, and aimed a blow with all his strength at Armiger's face.

Quick as thought, the latter stepped aside, and Bootle, missing his aim, fell forward with great force upon the ground, burying his face in a bed of nettles, and bumping his nose severely against a

hard place that happened to be in the midst of them.

He raised himself with a grunt and a sob, the blood flowing freely from his injured feature, and there was a laugh at his expense; but he was evidently in great pain, and proportionably angry.

"You seem a good deal nettled," said Sparrow.

"I'll nettle him in a minute or two," he answered, looking savagely at Armiger, who stood watching him quietly, and without any signs of exultation. "You said you wouldn't fight; I don't know whether you call that fighting or not."

"You may call it what you please," said Armiger.

"We'll call it the first round," said Sparrow.

"Make a ring; I'll back the new fellow—I'll be his second, and Brown will back Bootle; he's half beaten already. Make a ring!"

A ring was formed, and John Armiger found himself in the middle of it, with Bootle facing him. He still kept to his resolve not to fight, but to stand on the defensive only, though he did not see very clearly how it was to end.

"Take off your jacket, Armiger," said Sparrow.

"I'll keep it on," he answered, quietly.

"Don't be a fool; take it off," said his second. But he still refused.

"Now, then," said Bootle; "now, then; are you ready?" And he came on, but with more caution than before. Two or three blows were aimed, which the new boy received upon his guard, without offering to return them. The next reached his face, cut his lip, and loosened his front teeth; and it was followed by another equally severe. This Bootle was a hard-hitter. In truth, he was three years older than Armiger, though very small of his age; and was therefore generally chosen to fight little boys, whose astonishment at the severity of his blows afforded great amusement to the spectators: such was the spirit of fairness and manliness which animated these generous breasts! Smarting under the severity of this attack, Armiger lost his temper, forgot all his peaceful resolutions, and flew at his antagonist with fury. Two blows he dealt him in a moment; which, as the bully was quite unprepared for such retaliation, fell straight and full upon his face, and knocked him backwards at his length upon the ground.

"Bravo, little one; well done! Pull off your jacket, and go on again!"

In an instant his jacket was off, and he stood waiting for his adversary, regardless of his own injuries. His whole aspect was changed. One might have supposed that a devil had entered into him. There was such fierce rage in his eye, such resolution in his parted lips and clenched teeth, that it would have been difficult to recognise the meek and peaceable boy who had been sitting but a few minutes before upon the bank, unmoved by the scorn and banter of his schoolfellows.

It is unnecessary to describe the scene which followed. It is generally supposed that boys who go to school must fight their way; that they can neither maintain their own rights, nor secure the esteem of their schoolfellows, by any other argument than that of brute force. It is a disgrace to the master when this is allowed. A good-tempered, high-minded boy, who hates bullying, and loves peace for its own sake, who has courage enough to do what is right and to oppose what is wrong, will seldom find himself in any serious difficulty. A boy's

place in a good school does not depend upon his biceps. Quarrels will arise, but the day of pitched battles, and of fighting for fighting's sake, it is to be hoped, is over. Dog-fighting, cock-fighting, even duelling, are all proscribed, not only by law, but by humanity and common sense. Why should not children also amend their code of honour, and be taught to behave towards each other as civilised human beings? It is a question, however, which can only be disposed of by the encouragement of generous and gentlemanly feeling amongst them through personal influence and intercourse.

Such a solution was not, of course, to be expected at Mr. Bearward's. John Armiger was no coward. He did not wish to fight; but being of a hasty and resolute temper, as soon as he was thoroughly provoked, he fought with fierceness and obstinacy. The end of it was that Bootle was ignominiously defeated, and lay on the ground crying with rage.

"Hurrah!" cried Sparrow, clapping the young hero on the back, while all the other boys pressed round to shake hands with him. "Do you know what you've done? You've licked the greatest bully in the school; fourteen years old he is, though he's so small; boys of his own size never had a chance with him before. It was a shame to set him on at you, but I always thought he was a coward."

"I didn't want to fight him," said Armiger; "you all know I didn't; it's a brutal thing to do. Why wouldn't you let me alone? It's all your fault, not his. Shake hands, Bootle, you needn't own me; don't think any more about it."

But Bootle knew that he had lost his prestige in the school, and that many battles must be fought over again before he could recover it, and he turned away sulkily, and made him no answer, and the other boys, seeing how coldly their congratulations were received, presently dispersed and left the hero to himself. Only little Goodchild lingered near, having seen little or nothing of the fight, but feeling admiration of the conqueror now that it was over.

Armiger sat down again upon the bank, with his handkerchief to his face, crying, not with the pain, though that was no trifle, but with mortification, that he should so soon have lost his temper, and behaved, as he thought to himself, so like a wild beast. Looking up, he saw the young boy watching him, and called to him.

"Do I look very bad?" he asked, seeing that little Goodchild looked at him with concern.

"Dreadful," the boy replied; "doesn't it hurt very much?"

"I don't care for that," said Armiger; "I want some water, though."

"I'll go to the pond and get you some; but I've got nothing to bring it in."

Armiger rose to go with him, but his knees trembled under him, and he could not walk. The child, therefore, took his handkerchief and dipped it in the pool, and after he had washed his face and sat a little while longer he felt revived, and they walked slowly home together. Near the house they met the usher, Mr. Sprigg, coming to look for them.

"So you've been fighting already," he said; "you'll catch it for this; you had better go to Mrs. Baggerly, in the nursery. I shall have to report you to Mr. Bearward; fighting is not allowed."

"I'm very sorry," said Armiger; "it's very unfortunate; I didn't want to fight."

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"No, that he didn't," said Goodchild; "the other boys made him."

"I only came last night," Armiger continued, "and everything seems to go wrong. Mrs. Baggerly found fault with me, and threatened me before I had been five minutes in the coach with her; and Mr. Bearward thought I was rude last night, when I didn't mean to be; and now I'm to be reported for a brutal fight. I can't help it, and it's very hard;" and the thought of his home and his kind friends there came over him, and he could not keep back a few tears.

Mr. Sprigg looked at him kindly. "Well," he said, "you haven't done much harm in beating Bootle. I won't report you this time; but you must keep out of sight if possible; fighting's against the rules, if it's found out. You shall stay in my room, and I'll see what I can do. It is hard for you, poor boy, when you've only just left home, but most of the new boys have to go through it, unless they knock under. I should like to punish Bootle for his share of it, but I can't report one without the other, and I don't think he'll ever do it again; that's one good thing; he's had enough of fighting now. So come with me, and sit down quietly till bed-time. I'm glad you've beaten Bootle."

CHAPTER VI.—NOT LIKE HOME.

"Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt: it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in lost perdition ends." —Young.

THE next day, being Sunday, there was to be a "long lie," as the boys called it; referring, it need scarcely be said, to the extra indulgence in bed, with which the day of rest was begun at Cubbinghame House. John Armiger was very glad to hear that he would not be required to rise at the usual early hour, for he was very stiff and altogether unwell; his face, notwithstanding all precautions, was much swollen, and his eyes were nearly closed. There was no looking-glass in his dormitory, which was, perhaps, fortunate, for if he could have "seen himself as others saw him," his "reflections" would have been in every way more distressing than they were; and though the boys treated him now with a certain kind of respect, it was not pleasant to hear their remarks upon the colour of his eyes and the shape of his lips and nose. When the bell rang he rose with the rest, and made the best of his way to the lavatory, avoiding as far as possible the greetings and congratulations of many who, the day before, would have teased and bullied him. The first person who attracted his attention was little Goodchild, who seemed to be in trouble.

"Somebody has taken away my brick," he cried; "and I can't find my towel anywhere."

"Your brick?" said another. "Why, it's in your piggin, and your towel under it. What a shame it is to play tricks upon a little fellow like you;" and he took out the brick and put it in its place for him to stand upon; but the towel was hopelessly wet, and he was obliged to borrow a corner of his next small neighbour's. The little boys at Mr. Bearward's were for the most part kind and helpful one towards another; from the same feeling of mutual dependence, perhaps, which makes poor people considerate, and even liberal, towards those who are a degree more miserable than themselves. "A hand washes a hand and a finger a

finger," says the Greek proverb. A beggar will collect more halfpence in the back lanes and alleys of London than in its broad streets and stately squares. John Armiger found a piggin left for him about half-way down the stream. It had belonged to Bootle, but he had no idea of claiming it now, and had taken possession of another where he judged that he could do so without danger.

Sunday was a dreary day at Cubbinghame. There are philosophers who say that the truest pleasure consists in the absence of pain; and upon this principle Mr. Bearward's boys might have called their Sabbath a delight, for they were not wearied with lessons, nor tormented with the fear of punishments. But there was too much spare time. They went to church in the morning only, there being no service in the afternoon; and spent the remainder of the day loitering about in the schoolroom or playground. John Armiger did not go to church at all the first Sunday, for he was not fit to appear in public. Mr. Sprigg allowed him to remain in his room, and did all he could to keep him out of Mr. Bearward's sight, which was not very difficult to do, as that gentleman seldom took much notice of his pupils except when he was called upon to punish them; then, of course, he must do his duty, and make an example, *pour encourager les autres*. So John Armiger sat and rested his eyes, and crept shyly into the schoolroom only for calling over, and kept himself in the background as much as possible all the day. In the evening many of the boys brought out their story-books, or some of the periodicals of the day, such as the "Mirror," or the "Treasury," rich in romantic stories of ghosts and demons, highwaymen and witches (terrible, horrible, frightful, ghastly—most delightful!); or perhaps a local newspaper a week old, sent as a memorial of home and as a token of "all's well," instead of letters, postage being expensive, while newspapers travelled free. There was reading of a better kind, also, for those who preferred it; but that was only to be indulged in secretly. If any boy was seen to read the "Visitor," for instance, the book would in all probability be taken from him, and parts of it read or preached aloud, with variations, for the amusement of the rest. The Bible was, indeed, seldom so treated; but any one who might be detected reading it was set down by the low boys as "a little humbug," being, nevertheless, respected by many in their inmost hearts, and envied perhaps by some, even, of those who joined in the outward fashion of contempt.

In the afternoon the elder boys gathered round the fire at the end of the schoolroom, the younger ones sitting as near it as they could, but not within view of its cheerful rays. John Armiger might have sat anywhere that day, being in high favour for his pluck; but he did not improve his opportunity, and showed no inclination to make friends with any of his seniors, so that one or two of them began to say that he would have to be taken down himself soon if he did not come round. Little Goodchild, approaching him either by design or accident, John called to him and made him sit near him.

"Do I look very bad?" he asked.

"Not so bad as you did. Do you feel bad?"

"I feel like a brute," said Armiger; "that's all. I'm thankful that nobody who ever knew me before I came here can see me now. I'm glad I'm not at home; I'd rather be anywhere—I'd rather be here even than be at home just now."

"You are a good fighter, though," said Goodchild, admiringly.

"I'll fight you if you say so," he replied; "I never thrashed a boy before, and I did not want to do it then, only they made me."

"But you are very brave, or you could not have gone on as you did when you were so dreadfully hurt."

"It was not bravery, it was anger—fury. I was in such a rage that I did not feel the pain. I'll never fight any one again if I can help it. 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite—' But no; I wouldn't keep a dog if he were quarrelsome."

"No more would I," said the other; "nor a bear, nor a lion. But I think," he added, confidentially, "there are a great many bears and lions in this school. I suppose 'it is their nature to.'"

"Don't let it be your nature. What's your name—your Christian name, I mean? Christian names are not much thought of here; but I should like to know yours."

"Willy," said the boy, almost in a whisper.

"How many brothers have you, Willy?"

"None."

"No brothers! Then why do they call you 'Minimus'?"

"There are two other Goodchilds in the school, older than I am—Goodchild major and Goodchild minor. They are my cousins."

"It's a nice thing for you to have your cousins here."

"Yes," he replied, dubiously; "they're higher up than I am, though, so they don't have much to do with me, except now and then, when they want me to tib out for cakes or red herrings, or with letters for the post. I can tib out for you if you like. If you want to write home, you know, it's no use sending your letters to the house, because they'll be opened and read, and perhaps not sent at all. But there's a little window in the brewhouse that I can get through, because I'm so small; and the big boys let me down and pull me up again, and I've never been caught yet; so I can take a letter to the post for you without anybody knowing it."

"Thank you," said Armiger; "I should not like you to break the rules or to run any risk for me. You are very small, certainly; but that is no reason for putting you in the way of punishment. How long have you been here?"

"Only since Christmas."

"Is it like what you expected?"

"Why, of course, you know, they told me it would not be like home; and it is not" (there was a long pause here); "and they said I must expect to rough it; and I do rough it; if that were all."

"What else?"

"Oh, there are many things different from what I used to see and hear at home, of course—fighting and bad language, and all that. But I knew there would be."

"How did you know that?"

"I don't mind telling you," the child replied, "though I've never told any one before. My father took me to see my cousins before I came here, and told me always to look up to them; and they were to take care of me and set me a good example, and give me good advice; and if ever I was in any trouble, I was to go to them. And they said 'Yes,' and they would do the best they could for me. But afterwards Goodchild major took me into a corner

and told me I must not take any notice of what my father had been saying about following his example and looking up to him. The boys at Cubbinghame, he said, were most of them bad boys, and he himself was no better than the rest. I should often hear him swear and use bad language; he had got into the way of it, and could not help it; but I was not to do so. The boys there tried to cheat the masters, and to play them tricks, and to shirk their lessons. There was not much harm in that, he thought; I could do as I liked about that. The boys at Cubbinghame bullied one another, and told lies, and did all manner of mean things, but I must not do so—in short, I was not to follow his example in anything, because he had got to be as bad as any of them. He would try to be different himself, he said, only it was no use. So I found out what sort of a place it is from what he told me."

"Your cousin gave you very good advice, Willy," said Armiger; "and you must try to follow it. If I can help you; but—" He checked himself, and added, after a pause, "I'm not fit to help any one since yesterday. I once heard of a clergyman who used to preach very good sermons, but was not a very good man; and when the people said anything about it, he used to tell them, 'Do as I tell you, but not as I do.' It's a great deal easier to tell others what is right than to practise it yourself. We can look higher than we can reach, but we hardly know how far we can reach till we try, and keep on trying. Do you say your prayers, Willy?"

"Yes, sometimes, in bed."

"Say them always—never forget that; that's the way to reach up high. We can take hold of heaven itself with prayer; and," he added, putting his lips to the little boy's ear, "you and I can pray for one another, and that will help us both."

There was another "long lie" on Sunday night, the bell ringing for bed an hour earlier than on week days, and John Armiger was very glad to—no, not to retire, but to go to his dormitory and to sleep.

CHAPTER VII.—THE PATHS OF LEARNING.

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school."—*Shakespeare*.

THE next day the new boy was called up by Mr. Bearward to his desk for examination, that he might be properly placed in the school. The master looked at him suspiciously, but said nothing. Not having noticed the boy much before, he was, perhaps, uncertain whether the large upper lip and thick nose and the dark circles round his eyes belonged naturally to his profile and complexion, or were only accidents of the day. At all events, it saved trouble to say nothing about them. So Mr. Bearward heard him read a few lines of Latin, and asked him two or three questions about nouns and verbs, and then appointed him his class; telling him to use application, and work his way up.

It was better than fighting his way up, Armiger thought. He was quite ready to apply himself, if that would do instead of applying his fists. He promised, somewhat eagerly, that he would do his best, at which the boys who were near him nudged each other and laughed, while Mr. Bearward replied, rather coldly, "We shall see about that; the fewer words the better," and so dismissed him to his form. After that the first-class was called up, that being the highest, and stood in a half-circle before Mr. Bearward's desk.

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"Begin," said the master, and the first boy read a line or two. All went well till it came to Brown's turn, when, with much hesitation and stammering, he began to read as follows:—

"Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere; et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone; nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa."

Which has been thus rendered:—

"To-morrow, with its cares, despise,
And make the present hour your own;
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
And score it up as clearly won."

Mr. Brown's translation of the passage was slightly different.

"Quid," he began.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Bearward, waiting with sarcastic expectation; "well, sir, proceed."

"Quid, what?"

"Did you not hear me? I said, proceed."

"Quid, how?"

"Anyhow you can; I will not be too exacting."

"Quid, quid, quid . . ."

"Fuge," whispered the boy next above him; "begin with fuge."

"Fuge, fly away; et querere, and inquire; quid, why; cras, to-morrow; sit futurum, is yet to come."

"Very good," said Mr. Bearward, "very good indeed, and a highly interesting subject of inquiry; proceed, sir."

Brown turned to right and left, as if imploring another tip; but the boys dared not speak, for Mr. Bearward's cold grey eyes were upon them, and there was a solemn silence throughout the school-room.

Mr. Bearward now opened his desk, and appeared to be looking for something; he took out a leather strap, about half a yard in length, thick and broad, and with hard wrinkles at one end, having been prepared by soaking in salt and water, and subsequent baking before the fire. He laid this instrument, with which most of the boys were only too well acquainted, upon his desk. Once more he said, "Proceed."

Brown's colour came and went; he breathed quickly, and looked with increased attention at the book, but his ideas did not seem to have been quickened or assisted by the sight of the strap.

"Go on," said one of the boys, glancing at the same time towards the master; "go on, do." He was not afraid of being reproved for saying that.

"Et, and; quem, when; sors, the sister; dierum, of the gods; dabit, will give; cunque, to any one" . . .

"Go on," said the boy next to him, glancing at him from behind his book.

"Appone, a halfpenny (prompted); lucro, for profit" . . .

The desk was opened again suddenly; there was an ominous groping in it for something other than the strap, and well did the hapless Brown know, well did every boy in the school, except John Armiger, the new boy, know what Mr. Bearward was looking for this time. It was a key—only a key; but that key, the key of his book-room, a little closet at the end of the schoolroom, where books and stationery were stored, and where the

floor was strewed with birch twigs, well-seasoned, knotty, and tough. Here Mr. Bearward was in the habit of inflicting chastisement upon those whom he deemed deserving of it, and whenever he opened this desk, and groped for that key, expectation was aroused, and a thrill of solemn excitement pervaded the whole school.

The key was found, and placed with a bang upon the desk, in readiness, and Mr. Bearward was seen to move upon his stool as if about to step down from it.

"Now, Master Brown, let me have those touching lines of the great classic poet of antiquity once more."

"Oh, if you please, sir," said Brown, "I looked out every word in the dictionary; I did, indeed."

"Very likely; read it again; the English alone, this time."

"Go and inquire why to-morrow is not yet come; and when the sister of the gods will give to somebody a halfpenny for gain."

There was a sound of suppressed laughter throughout the class. Mr. Bearward, who had extended his hand towards the key, withdrew it; his features relaxed; he could no longer command them; a moonbeam played around his lips. *Risit Apollo*, and Brown breathed again; the critical moment was past.

"Blockhead!" exclaimed Mr. Bearward, when he could trust himself to speak—"blockhead! idiot!" But he said it pleasantly, and added, "Write out the ode ten times, and go to the bottom of the class. Next boy."

The next boy went on as follows:—

"Nec sperne puer, do not despise the boy; morosa canities, cross old greyhead!"

"You're worse than Brown," cried Mr. Bearward; "go to the bottom."

There was no moonbeam this time; for Mr. Bearward was not pleased at the interpretation of the words *morosa canities*; but as it was evident the boy had given his translation in good faith, he could not very well resent it; and as the boys took no notice of it, presently Mr. Bearward told them they might go down, and himself descended slowly and with dignity from his stool, and left the room.

Brown was in high spirits, when the clock struck twelve, as it did soon afterwards. "Wasn't it touch and go?" he asked. "Didn't I get off well? I've got to write the ode, though, ten times; but you'll give us a construe, one of you chaps, won't you?"

"Oh, aint I jolly glad it's my last half," cried Sparrow. "Bearward won't meddle with me in my last half; don't you wish you was me, Brown?"

"Yes," said Brown; "I wish I was."

English grammar was not taught at Mr. Bearward's. To be sure, Cubbinghame was "a grammar school;" but that was in the higher sense of the word only. English boys could not require to be taught English; they would be sure to attain perfection in their own language if properly instructed in the classics; and the classics meant Greek and Latin, for there was not supposed to be any classical literature in English.

As for John Armiger, he applied himself, and got on fairly well with his studies; and as he was at present under Mr. Sprigg, and had nothing to do with Mr. Bearward, except to keep as much as possible out of his notice, the visions of strap and key had for him no terrors. He felt sure that with

moderate diligence and attention he could do all that was required of him, and avoid being sent up for punishment as far as his lessons were concerned. How it might fare with him in other matters, such as the trials to which he had already been exposed, he could not foresee; but he was resolved to look upon the bright side, and to hope the best.

The afternoon was devoted to arithmetic, or "summing," as it was more appropriately called. Walkingham's "Tutor's Assistant" was the book used; and it answered to its title, being of much more assistance to the tutor than to the boys; for when the former had pointed out what sums were to be done, and where the answers were to be found, he took no further trouble with his pupils, but walked about the room, reading some enticing book, and shouting out between the pages, "Silence. Go on with your work. Look at the rules, and mind you get your answers right!"

Tea was served in the same manner as breakfast, and was, in fact, breakfast over again. There was an hour's play and two hours of "preparation" after it, and then supper. This consisted of bread and cheese, with small beer, handed to each boy as he sat at his desk in the schoolroom; the beer being administered in the same tin mugs which had been used, and were to be used again, without much rinsing, for the milk and water. Some of the boys preferred their cheese toasted; and Mr. Sprigg's voice was heard from time to time, as he walked up and down the room, "Cheese out of the candle, there; no toasting. Cheese out of the candle; none of your antics!" Now and then the cheese would fall upon the floor, or into the ink; but it was too precious to be lost, and was carefully scraped with a pocket-knife or rubbed upon the trousers, and then consumed. Supper ended, there was a short prayer, and at nine o'clock bed.

So ended John Armiger's first three days at school. Such was his experience of a holiday, a Sunday, and an every day. *Ex uno disce omnes.* The reader may look upon the incidents of each as a fair example of the general course of events throughout the half or halves at Cubbinghame; and well may he rejoice that the boys of this generation fare differently.

Varieties.

"LINKS WITH THE PAST."—A number of curious instances were lately communicated to the "Times" of the long period sometimes covered by a few lives. For example:—The present Conservative M.P. for East Cumberland, Mr. W. N. Hodgson, has heard the account of the entry of the Highlanders into Carlisle in 1745 from a lady who saw it. The late Lord Lonsdale had, I believe, talked with a man who saw the fight on Clifton Moor when the Highlanders retired. But the following is much more curious:—The late Colonel H. C. Lowther sat in Parliament from 1812 to 1867. He must have known Colonel James Lowther, who sat from 1775 to 1818. These two must, therefore, have had between them a Parliamentary experience of 92 years, uninterrupted by a break. Colonel H. C. Lowther must also have known the first Earl of Lonsdale, whose Parliamentary career commenced in 1757. The Earl must have known Sir James Lowther, of Whitehaven, to whose wealth he succeeded, and whose Parliamentary experiences extended from 1692 to 1754. Thus but the other day three lives carry us back to 1692, and then the first of these lives had already lasted for 21 years. The owner of this first life saw the Revolution, and must have talked with many who were besieged in Carlisle in 1645, for he first represented that place. The first Earl of Lonsdale died in

1802; there must still be living many who might have heard from the Earl, as told him by an eye-witness, the story how Sheriff Stanley proclaimed William III. in Carlisle, and how the two Lowthers of Whitehaven and Lowther secured Cumberland and Westmoreland. Such instances throw light on the value of oral tradition, and are easily found. In my own family, says one correspondent, three lives, the third yet living, go back beyond the execution of Charles I., and four go back to Queen Elizabeth.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SCOTTISH CHAPLAIN.—*Balmoral, May 14th, 1862.*—After dinner I was summoned unexpectedly to the Queen's room. She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression, which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellencies—his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all on earth now seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God would not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt concerning him—the love of the nation, and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a queen, the value of her life to the nation, and the blessedness of prayer.

On Monday I had another long interview with the Queen. She was much more like her old self—cheerful, and full of talk about persons and things. She of course spoke of the Prince. She said that he always believed he was to die soon, and that he often told her that he had never any fear of death.

Balmoral, 15th October, 1866.—After dinner the Queen invited me to her room, where I found the Princess Helena and Marchioness of Ely. The Queen sat down to spin at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her: "Tam-o'-Shanter," and "A man's a man for a' that," her favourite. . . . The Prince of Wales sent a message asking me to go to see him. When I was there the young Prince of Wales fell on the wax-cloth, after lunch, with such a thump as left a swollen blue mark on his forehead. He cried for a minute, and then laughed most bravely. There was no fuss whatever made about him by mother, father, or any one; yet it must have been very sore, and I would have been nervous about it if it had happened to Polly. He is a dear, sweet child. All seem to be very happy.—*Journal of Dr. Norman Macleod (Daddy and Isbister).*

WESTON, THE AMERICAN PEDESTRIAN.—The surprising feats of endurance which the American pedestrian, E. P. Weston, has exhibited in London, are capable of affording instruction as well as of exciting interest. Athletes generally will be interested to know that he contemns the established rules of training, and that the only preparation which he went through before beginning his present series of walking matches against time was to pass a few days quietly in the country, taking a ten-mile walk daily. His alleged preference for cold meat as an ordinary diet is founded on error. Before starting his 300-miles walk, he dined off a broiled steak. He is not a total abstainer, except when he is walking, and then he takes nothing but cold tea, lemons, and oranges to refresh himself; while for nourishment he relies on soup made from extract of beef. Soups made in the ordinary way he considers too heavy for digestion during his protracted exertion, and finds himself unable to digest them. His ordinary rate of walking is about four miles and a half an hour; his walking is almost entirely from the hip, the knees being flexed and the knee-joint having very little play. During the first twenty-four hours he rests for about ten minutes at a time every two hours, during which time he reclines on a couch so arranged that both head and feet are much elevated, the body being doubled up. He is shampooed during these intervals with Bay rum, being rubbed in a direction from the distal end of the limbs towards the trunk. At the end of each twenty-four hours he takes two hours of sleep, and at this time generally eats a little cold beef. At the end of his greatest walking feats he has never been exhausted or in any way injured. During some of his longest walks in America he has readily submitted himself to rigid scientific observation, and a series of very important conclusions was drawn from the physiological data thus obtained by Dr. Austin Flint, in New York, which were published in an elaborate monograph, and which Dr. Flint summarises in his newly-published text-book of "Human Physiology." He is by profession a writer for the press.—*British Medical Journal.*

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